

Wedding Plans

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Summary: Emma and Killian have announced their engagement, now all that's left is to plan. But Emma has never been one to think about a 'dream wedding' so she leaves all decisions up to Snowâ€¦ because she wasn't that girl. Or was she?

Wedding Plans

****Takes place after the escape from Underworld and after the (fingers crossed) proposal we're supposed to be getting at the end of the season.****

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><p>They announce their engagement to her parents on a Tuesday when they go over for dinner. Snow squeals in joy while David tries to act indifferent, but the half smile on his face gives away how he really feels. Her mother immediately bombards her with questions about what she wants, what her dream wedding is, and when they could start planning.<p>

Killian and Emma just look at each other and she shrugs. To be honest, Emma has never really thought about getting married before, so things like flowers, color schemes, and 'dream' day mean nothing to her.

"Um, I don't know," she answers.

"Emma, this is your wedding! You have to pick out the things you want," her mother gasps.

"Well, why don't you pick everything out?" They all stare at her in shock. "What? We all know I'm not exactly princessy or girly, and you are. I trust you."

Later that night, while they lay in their bed, panting from their extensive love making, Killian voices his concern.

"Are you sure about letting your mother plan the wedding, love?"

"Yeah," she breathes out as she cuddles into his chest. "It'll make it easier on me and she can see her daughter have a wedding fit for a princessâ€| whatever that means."

His fingers ran through her hair. "You don't care?"

Emma looks up at him with a slight gasp. His brow is together and he looks a little upset.

"Oh, Killian, no that's not what I mean. I want to marry you; I wouldn't have said yes if I didn't. But all the little details? Let her do it, because the only thing I care about is you being there and us getting to say 'I do.'"

His lips form into a slow smile before he leans down to kiss her.

"That's all I care about, too." They lay there in silence for a few moments before he speaks again. "I just want this day to be about us, and something tells me Snow White planning her daughter's wedding might be a little much."

"She'll be fine."

Friday, she meets her mother and Regina at Granny's for lunch and she can't help but think that maybe Killian was right. Her eyes go wide when Snow pulls out a very big, very thick binder. The words 'Emma & Killian' are written on the cover in glitter and it's decorated in ribbons and lace.

"Wow, this isâ€| a lot of stuff," she mumbles as she flips through the pages.

"I don't know if you know this, Emma. But a wedding is a lot of planning," Snow explains as she pulls the binder back in front of her. "Have you picked a date yet?"

"Well, I mean, we just got engagedâ€| I figured we'd have a little time beforeâ€|"

Regina snorts as she sits down next to Snow at their table.

"Time for what? Something else to attack this town? We all know quiet moments are a rare occurrence around here. If I were you two, I'd get married as soon as possible."

Emma swallows and starts to squirm in her seat. She didn't realize how fast everything would move once they announced their plans, and it wasn't that she was scared, she just wanted to enjoy it for a little while.

"Oh," Snow turns to Regina. "Did you talk to Granny about next weekend?"

Her brow goes together as she watches the two women speak. Regina takes a sip of her coffee and nods.

"Yes, she will be sending the dwarves over at five with the food."

"What's next weekend?"

Snow looks back at her with a huge grin. "Your engagement party, and don't worry, after this we are going dress shopping after lunch so you have something to wear."

Emma barely has time to comment before Snow and Regina babble on about flower arrangements and center pieces.

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><p>Killian cracks his neck as he reaches up to pull at the collar of his shirt.<p>

"Bloody hell, Swan. How does one wear something like this all the time? It's bloody uncomfortable."

Emma looks over at him and cracks a smile. They were given strict instructions that their engagement party was a formal event and their normal attire wouldn't do. Snow and Regina picked out a white dress with long sleeves for Emma that went down to mid-thigh and Killian was banned from wearing his jeans and leather jacket, so David took him out to get a suit.

When he walked out of their bathroom and she first saw him, she had to convince herself that they couldn't skip the party and spend the night in bed.

"Well," she leans up and whispers in his ear. "Your discomfort is a cross I'm willing to bare."

Killian raises his eyebrow at her and gives her smirk. Their lips were just about to touch when Snow walks up to them.

"How do you feel about a unicorn theme?"

"Uh," Emma starts.

She turns to Killian who takes a sip from his flute of champagne and almost wants to laugh. Regina banned all beer and rum at their party because it wasn't 'refined' enough so Killian was forced to drink wine and champagne.

He shrugs as he drinks and she turns back to her mother. "For what?"

Snow rolls her eyes. "For your wedding! I mean, it won't be unicorns everywhere, but we can have them on the invitations and center pieces. I know you like them and we can make your colors blue and white."

Her brows go together. She does like unicorns, but they had nothing to do with her and Killian. That was more of thing with her parents.

But Emma doesn't want to tell her no, she was the one who told her

to plan, even if she isn't sure she wants unicorns as her theme. Plus, blue and white didn't really speak to her, but once again, she didn't want to say no, so she turns back to Killian.

"What do you think?"

He swallows down his drink and presses his lips together. "Whatever you want, love."

Her mother looks at her with a hopeful expression until she finally lets out sigh and nods.

"That sounds great."

Snow grins before she walks back over to Regina.

"Unicorns?" Killian asks and Emma shrugs. "Swan, are you sure you're alright with all of this? The entire time I've known you, you've never been comfortable with people making decisions for you."

Emma turns to him with a smile and wraps her arm around his waist.

"The only thing that matters to me is that at the end of it we are married."

He leans down and gives her a soft kiss and she tries to ignore the nagging feeling in the bit of her stomach for the rest of the night.

* * *

><p>Emma is walking around the dress shop a month after the engagement party looking at different material as she listens to her mother ramble.<p>

"I think blue orchid's will go lovely with the unicorn design," Snow explains as she examines a piece of silk.

"Orchid's?" Emma mumbles.

Orchids were pretty, and she did like them in blue, but ever since the topic of flowers came up, she always pictured red roses as her flowers. Yes, red roses were traditional, but the first flower Killian ever gave her was a red rose and that meant something to her.

"Yes, and Regina said she approved of it, so that's good."

"Regina approves?"

Snow nods. "Well, she is going to have to carry a bouquet of them."

Emma stares at her mother with her lips parted. Since when did Regina have to approve about something that has to do with her wedding? They continue to walk through the shop looking at material when she realizes what her mother has said.

"Wait, what do you mean she has to carry a bouquet?"

Her mother looks back at her. "She's your Maid of Honorâ€¦ well, _Matron _of Honor."

She blinks.

"Emma, you need someone to stand up there with you since Killian has asked your father to be his best man."

"I know, butâ€¦"

"Did you have someone else in mind?"

Yes, she did. Though she does want Regina to be her bridesmaid, she wants her mother to be her maid of honor. She knows it's not usually how it works, but one of things she wants the most is to have her stand next to her. Emma almost tells her, but she knows she can't spoil her mother's dreams of being 'mother of the bride', so she snaps her mouth shut and shakes her head.

"No, that sounds great."

Snow turns back to the material and nods.

When she goes home that night and tells Killian, he just presses his lips together and nods.

"If that's what you want."

Emma lays awake that night trying to convince herself that it was.

* * *

><p>"Three months?" Emma stutters out in disbelief.<p>

She was sitting at her desk with Killian in the station when Snow came running in, her faithful 'Binder O'love' tucked under her arm, waving a card around. It's a white invitation with blue cursive and unicorns on it.

Emma hates herself for thinking it looks tacky.

*King David and Queen Snow cordially invite you to the wedding of their daughter, Princess Emma, to Captain Killian Jones, August 23***rd**_**._**_

Killian takes the invitation out of her hand and looks it over with a raised eyebrow.

Snow nods with a big smile.

"It's the end of the summer and it should be nice out. Which means we can have an outdoor wedding! I was thinking maybe the park?"

Emma's eyes go wide. Surly her mother didn't mean the park where the lake that lead to the Underworld was located, and the same park she had to _kill_ her future husband. Her mouth falls open and she looks to Killian.

His face is stone and his jaw is clenched. No doubt the same thoughts

are going through his mind that were going through hers. But he doesn't say anything. He just hands the invitation back to her mother and does the little shrug that's been his go to answer for anything wedding related.

"Think about how beautiful it will be with all the trees in the sunâ€¦" Snow lets out a sigh. "The perfect day wedding."

Emma sits back in her seat and reminds herself that she was the one who made this decision, she can't go back on it.

"Sounds great."

Snow and Killian both look at her for a quick second and she forces a smile before she excuses herself to the bathroom so that they won't see her tears.

* * *

><p>"Are you sure it won't be an issue?" Snow asks Regina again for the third time.<p>

Emma rolls her eyes and looks over at Killian. Regina and her parents came over to their house first thing in the morning, unannounced, to go over the seating arrangements. They were talking about Marco making chairs for everyone when Regina said she would just conjure them up.

"It'll be fine," Regina huffs. "They are just chairs. Plus, you can tell me how you want them and they will be exact."

"Ugh," David steps up to the table. "Don't you mean how Emma wants them?"

Emma looks up to see everyone looking at her. It should be how she wants them, it should be her decision, but she gave that up to Snow after they got engaged.

"Whatever Mom wants is fine."

Killian lets out a huff and stands from the table. She knows he knows things have been bothering her. Open book he once told her, but she's refused to say anything. Emma isn't that type of girlâ€¦ she doesn't plan dream weddings, she fights dragonsâ€¦ as long as her and Killian got married, that's what is important.

That's what she's been trying to tell herself, anyway.

"Great," Snow sits down at their kitchen table. "Can you make tiny unicorns up and down the sides?"

She clenches her jaw and sits back in the chair.

Fucking unicorns.

"I want them to be white, but the unicorns blue. Which reminds me," her mother turns to look at Killian who was leaning back against the kitchen counter next to her father. "Killian, are you okay with wearing your old Naval Uniform?"

Emma's eyes go wide. There was no way Killian would agree to that. He hasn't been in the Navy for centuries and he doesn't exactly look back at it with pride. He blames the Royal Navy for the death of his brother and vowed to never to be one of themâ€|

"Sure."

Her mouth pops open at his response. He looks at her with a blank expression before he turns back to her father to continue his conversation.

No.

This was wrong, this was all wrong. Killian wasn't a Naval Lieutenant, he was Captain of The Jolly Roger, a pirate, he's always been a pirate. Emma didn't know Lieutenant Jones. He existed long before she was born, long before any of them were born.

Her eyes stay on him but he doesn't look her way. He wasn't fooling anyoneâ€| like he can tell when something is wrong with her, she can tell when something is wrong with him. And he definitely was not okay with wearing that uniform.

"Great! The blue will match perfectly withâ€|"

"Okay, that's it!" Emma cries out as she stands up.

They all look at her with shocked expressions and she takes a deep breath.

"Killian is not wearing his Naval Uniform! He hasn't been a Lieutenant in over two hundred years and I refuse to marry him as a Lieutenant." She turns to Killian. "The Captain of the Jolly Roger is who I fell in love with and that's who I want to marry. I want you to wear your pirate's uniform."

Emma motions to the papers. "And I don't want the colors blue and whiteâ€| or the unicorns. I know they are something special, but this day is about me and Killian and unicorns have nothing to do with us."

Her eyes fall to the blue fabric Snow brought with her. "I want our colors to be red, cream, and blackâ€| cream like the sails on the Jolly. Which reminds me, I don't want to get married in the park, and I don't want a day wedding. I want to get married on the Jolly at sunset. I know that doesn't really work for the whole town, but it's my wedding. There will be room for some people on the deck, we can figure out where to put the other people later."

She takes a deep breath and looks up at Killian. He has a big smile on his face and it gives her the power she needs to continue.

"I want my flowers to be red roses. That was the first flower Killian ever gave me and it's special. Also," she turns to her mother. "I want you to be my Maid of Honor, mom. Regina, don't get me wrong, I do want you to be my bridesmaid, but I want Henry to escort you and I want Dad to give me away. Then he will stand next to Killian and escort momâ€| and I want Roland to be the ring bearer and have Robin escort him. It's not much, but I want them apart of my day."

She takes a deep breath. "And I loved Dad's choice for our song at the reception, 'I Loved Her First' is a beautiful song, I don't want to dance to 'My Girl'. Every time I hear it I think of that old movie."

The entire room is silent as they stare at her, but she can't find it in her to care. For the first time since they announced their engagement, she feels in control and it feels good.

After a few seconds, Regina slams her hand down on the table.

"Finally!"

Emma's brow goes together. It's then she realizes that they all are looking at her with huge grins.

"Did I miss something?" she asks in confusion.

Regina snorts and sits up in her chair. "Yes, Miss. Swan. We've been waiting for this moment for two months. Quite frankly, I'm surprised it's taken you this long, I was sure when your mother suggested you getting married at the park you were going to say something. But no, it takes her telling Hook to put on that ridiculous uniform for you to finally speak up."

Her mouth drops open as she looks at every person in the room. Snow stands up and rushes over to pull her into her arms.

"Emma," she gasps out as she pulls away. "I knew you wouldn't want someone to make all the decisions about your wedding day for you, even if you thought you did. But I also knew you wouldn't want anyone to force you to do it."

"This was all a bigâ€¦ cover up?" Snow nods. "But what if I never said anything?"

Killian takes a step forward. "I've told you before, Swan. I know you better than you know yourself. I knew it would only be a matter of time before you realized this wasn't what you wanted."

Emma looks at him in shock. "This was your plan?"

He smirks and shrugs. "Your parents and the queen helped."

David takes a step forward and holds up his hand.

"Just to be clear, I wasn't too thrilled with this plan. But Hook was persistent, and it wasn't hard to tell you weren't happy with everything."

"What about theâ€¦" she motions to her mother binder. "'Binder o'love'"

Regina waves her hand and the binder shimmers before it changes into a plain white one that was much thinner. Snow rushes back to the table and opens it up. Emma's surprised to see each page is blank.

"Okay," she starts as she picks up a pen. "Roses. They are beautiful

and will go wonderful with the color scheme you want. Killian, can you get us a piece of the Jolly's sail so we can make sure we get the correct cream color?"

"Aye. I'll go down to the docks later today."

Snow taps her pen on her lips. "The docks will actually have plenty of room. If we get everyone to move their boats so that the Jolly is the only one there, it'll be even better. And we can line up all the chairs on the open ground right in front."

Killian walks up to Emma and puts his arms around her. She's still in shock and it takes him kissing her temple to snap her out of it.

"You alright, love?"

She looks at Killian, then at her mother, then back to Killian.

"Are you okay with getting married on the Jolly?"

His face shows pure happiness as he nods. "I couldn't think of a more perfect spot."

Killian wraps his arms around her and she relaxes into his hug. No one in the room says anything and she's grateful for it. She just lets Killian hold her and lets peace wash over her.

"Okay," Regina huffs and they pull apart. "You'll have plenty of time to hug later. Now can we please get back to planning this? We only have a couple months."

"I don't want to get married on August 23rd." Emma announces before she even realizes it.

Killian takes a step back and searches her face. She bites her lip and lets out a little chuckle.

"I want to get married October 21st."

"That's two months later," David starts. "Is there a specific reason?"

Emma's eyes stay on Killian and her cheeks start hurting from how much she's smiling.

"It's two years to the day since we first met."

Killian's face is blank before he swoops in and crushes his lips against her own. His arms wrap around her waist and he lifts her in the air just like he did when she agreed to marry him.

"I love you, Emma," he whispers against her lips.

"I love you, too."

Five months later, Captain Killian Jones, dressed in his leather coat and red vest, and Princess Emma, dressed in a white gown with a tiara on top of her head, were married on the deck of The Jolly Roger, surrounded by the entire town of Storybrooke.

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><p>side note, the date I used is the date of the show emma and hook first meet airs. i think ::shrugs:: hopefully. hope you enjoyed it!

End
file.